

A Gambling Episode.

(Original.)
Half a century ago what is now the Middle West was the far west. Paris of Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky were inhabited by a very rough people. I went out there to sell goods when I was a very young man, being about the first salesman to visit the region. Of course I traveled armed and kept my money in a money belt strapped around my waist. I was rather a lively boy and not averse at times to a small game while traveling. Indeed, I carried a pack of cards and dice.

One evening I was at a stagecoach that pulled up at a tavern in a small town in Kentucky on the Ohio river. I had gone there to take the first steamboat that would pass up to Cincinnati, where I could take a railroad train for the east. No one could tell just when a boat would stop there, and I had the prospect of a dreary time of waiting. In those days in that region gambling was open on the boats and in the taverns. During the evening of my arrival I watched a party of men shaking dice in the bar, which was in the same room with the office. The next day I spent my time watching for a steamboat. A number of boats passed, but none of them had freight or passengers for that landing, for they did not stop. In the evening I went in and watched the dice throwers.

Now, I defy any young man of ordinary spirit spending his time in such a place watching a game without longing to be in it. I resisted for some time, for the men were a bad looking lot, then pulled out some coins and called for the dice box in my turn. I played far into the night and when I got up from the table had parted with every cent of money I had for my expenses, some \$300. I was not quite so much of a fool as this confession indicates, for I had noticed that my opponents knew exactly how to roll the dice so that the figures they wished should come up. Besides, I was not especially timid. When cleaned out I reached for the dice and put them in my pocket. The men who had won my money looked threatening, but said nothing. To object would have been to confess that they were loaded. I had no idea of recovering my money by an exposure. I wished to satisfy myself as to whether I had been swindled.

Taking my candle, I went upstairs and to bed. Undressing, I threw my trousers over the back of a chair, not thinking, since I had lost all my money, to take any precautions for their safety, but I didn't care to lose the dice till after I had a chance to break them, so I took them from the pocket and replaced them with my own set; then I went to bed and to sleep.

I was awakened during the night by some one tampering with my door. I lay still and presently heard the door open and a stealthy step in my room. A figure passed the window, and I could hear it searching among my clothes; then it went out. I got up, felt in my trousers' pocket for my dice, and they were gone.

The next morning I was not especially surprised to see some of the men who had my money still about the place. Had they not, as they supposed, secured the dice they would have got out of the way. After breakfast I told the landlord that I suspected that I had been swindled with loaded dice. He professed to be very indignant and swore that if such were the case he would make the men who had won my money disgorge. I told him to call them in and I would prove my charge. They came, and I could see by their assumed indignation that they were confident that they had their dice and I could prove nothing.

After they had expended sufficient verbal ammunition they called upon me to give a reason for assuming that the dice they had played with were loaded. I asked the landlord for a hammer, and when he had produced it I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out the dice I had kept under my pillow.

"Hold on," said one of them. "Those are not the dice."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because," He stopped short. He couldn't think that I had been robbed of a set of dice.

"Crack 'em," I said to the landlord.

He obediently put one of them down on the hearthstone and cracked it. There was the lead plain enough.

The men and the landlord stared at one another, surprised. Meanwhile I had backed to a safe position and had my hand on my pistol. Hearing the stroke of a steamboat bell—a signal to bank fires—I knew that a boat was about to land.

"You men produce my money," I said, "or I'll see what I can do when that boat lands."

The landlord was in no mood for the operation since a charge would give him place, and after a few words with the others he returned to my lodgings.

I don't think I should have had the courage to demand my money had I not heard that stroke of a steamboat bell. It came in the nick of time. I stuffed the funds into my pocket, ran upstairs for my belongings and down again, keeping a sharp lookout and my hand on my pistol. Then before going to the landing I said: "You're done the right thing. Never fear that I'll peach on you." The men who had disgorged looked very ugly, but as I could be seen by those on the boat going from the tavern to the landing I felt safe to walk there with my back to those who I knew under other circumstances would shoot me.

GEORGE DISNEY MILLS.

In the Game of Life.

"Hearts are trumps," the lover sighed.

"Spades are trumps," the laborer growled.

"Diamonds are trumps," the maiden cried.

"Clubs are trumps," the policeman howled.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



LEOPOLD AT-TACKS BRITAIN

Congo Government Replies to Charges.

THE ASSERTION IN BRITISH

Report Declared Untrue—Deamark Has Passed New Suffrage Laws—Taxpayers and Wives of Taxpayers Given Ballot.

Brussels, April 16.—The government of the Congo Independent State has issued a reply to the British White Book, containing reports from British consuls in the Congo. These reports, the reply states, are true, particularly the affirmation with respect to the exaction of taxes in labor, instead of money. The statement that transportation on the upper part of the Congo river is a state monopoly, that the collection of taxes in the Katanga region is farmed out and that a commercial agent sentenced to death for murder had been released, are declared to be equally false. The document also goes carefully into the questions relating to commerce, and denies that the state has placed obstacles in the way of private traders.

NEW SUFFRAGE LAW IN DENMARK.

All Taxpayers Over Twenty-five and the Wives of Taxpayers May Vote.

Copenhagen, April 16.—By a vote of 64 to 33 the Folketing Tuesday passed the government franchise bill. This measure already has been adopted by the Landsting. Under it all taxpayers, both male and female, over twenty-five years of age and all married women whose husbands are taxpayers are entitled to vote in all communal elections.

PLAGUE REPORTED AT LAGUAYRA.

Cablegram Received from the American Consul at Venezuelan Port.

Washington, April 16.—The state department yesterday received a cablegram from Thomas P. Moffatt, American consul at Laguayra, Venezuela, saying that a disease supposed to be plague is raging there. In his dispatch he said: "Nature disease not officially announced. Doctors refusing all information. Deaths continuing. Certify sanitary condition not good. According to best information at hand have every reason to believe disease plague."

TO DISCUSS MARITIME WAR?

Conference of Powers for Next Fall Is Rumored.

Berlin, April 16.—It is reported here that the great powers, as a sequel to the discussions at The Hague peace conference, are arranging an international conference for the discussion of the laws governing maritime warfare, to meet in the autumn. No confirmation of this report can be obtained at present in official quarters.

COUNTY HALL FOR LONDON.

It Will Cost \$7,000,000 and Take Seven Years to Complete.

London, April 16.—The London County Council has decided to proceed with the building of the proposed county hall on the site selected on the banks of the Thames at Westminster. It is estimated that it will cost \$7,000,000 and seven years will be consumed in building it. The architect is Ralph Knott, who till he won that position by competition was an obscure assistant in the city architect's office. His fee as architect will amount to about \$200,000.

Von Buelow Received at the Vatican.

Rome, April 16.—The pope yesterday received in private audience Prince von Buelow, the imperial German chancellor, and Princess von Buelow. The pontiff said he hoped that the journey here of the chancellor and his consort, with Cardinal Merry del Val, the papal secretary of state, would bring about an understanding in regard to Catholic questions in Germany.

No Kissing Games in London Schools.

London, April 16.—The county council has issued an ordinance forbidding children attending county council schools to play games in which kissing forms a part. The head teachers are instructed to see that such games are discontinued. The reason for the prohibition is contained in a sentence of the ordinance, reading: "On medical grounds, the practice is considered undesirable."

MacDonnell to Leave Irish Post?

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THREATEN TO CLOSE ALL BRITISH SHIPBUILDING YARDS.

Employers Warn Men They Must Quit Strike by April 25.

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Free!

To all who suffer with stomach troubles, bad digestion or constipation. Here is an opportunity to try, without expense, a remedy that marks a wonderful advance in the treatment of stomach and bowels.

ANTI-PILL is the prescription originated and used in his own practice by Dr. J. S. Leonard, of Lincoln, Neb., and was named by him because it absolutely cures constipation and pill taking for it.

ANTI-PILL is a specific for CONSTIPATION, HEART BURN, INDIGESTION, SOUR STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUS HEADACHE, NERVOUS ATTACK.

Present the coupon below at Rickert & Wells' drugstore together with a slip bearing your name and address, fully and plainly written, and a trial package of ANTI-PILL will be given you, free. The makers realize that in giving this trial box they make a friend who will assist in the sale of many more.

To Owners of Bad Stomachs. ANTI-PILL. Present this Drug Store Coupon at Rickert & Wells' Drug Store.

WASHINGTON.

Death of B. P. Cheney in Eden, Minn., Told in Clipping.

P. C. J. Cheney has received a clipping from the Appleton, Minnesota, Press, which tells of the death of his brother, B. P. Cheney, at Eden, Minn., on March 25. The latter was a native of Orange county and will be remembered by the older residents there. Many people will recall that during the Civil war period he came to Washington with his brother, P. C. J. Cheney, a lieutenant of the First Vermont Cavalry, Montpelier company, who had been injured at the battle of Gettysburg and who had to be brought home on a bed. The clipping is as follows:

Life of B. P. Cheney.

In our last issue we made mention of Mr. Cheney's funeral and gave a brief biography of this well known pioneer. Below we give an extract from the Mantoville Express, and add a more complete sketch of the worthy life which came to a tragic end on Wednesday morning, March 25.

A Pioneer at Mantoville.

Briefly in its last issue the Express announced the tragic death of B. P. Cheney, at his farm home at Eden, early Wednesday morning, 25th ult. We learn that Mr. Cheney and a little grandnephew had gone to the barn to do the chores, and found two young horses, that were tied together in a stall were fighting. Mr. Cheney rushed in between them to stop them, was knocked down and trodden so nearly to death, that he died, soon after neighbors could be called to remove him from under the horses.

The funeral was held Friday morning at the farm-house, Rev. L. L. Sowles of Dodge Center, officiating, and the remains were taken to Appleton, this state for burial, some of his family having been buried there.

Bradley P. Cheney was born in Orange county, Vermont, Oct. 26, 1832. He was reared on a farm and received his education in the district schools of his native state. Leaving Vermont in 1851, he resided in Massachusetts until 1854, when he came west to Wisconsin. After a two years' residence in the latter state he removed to the territory of Minnesota, locating in Mantoville in 1856. From 1856 to 1876 he served as a United States mail carrier. For a year he and his brother, John, (deceased) were proprietors of the Hubbell house. In 1865 he was married to Mrs. Alida Stanton of Pine Island, who died in 1872. Three children were born to them, a son and two daughters, we believe, deceased.

B. P. Cheney's remains arrived here Saturday night accompanied by his son-in-law, J. S. Evers. The services were conducted Sunday at 2:30 p. m., March 25th, in Masonic hall, by Mr. March, a Mason, he having been the first master of Appleton lodge, A. F. & A. M. He probably was the man who worked hardest to establish the local lodge. He was a devoted Mason and worked zealously both to organize the lodge and to keep it alive in the first years of its existence.

In religious views he was a spiritualist. He was a kindhearted man and had many warm friends. His sympathy was always with the poor and needy.

He was essentially a pioneer of Swift county, and so had his share of the hardships of pioneer life, having lived here between the years 1877 and 1896 when he moved back to his farm at Cheney, Dodge county, where he resided until his death.

The relatives present at the services here, were J. S. Evers, his son-in-law, Mrs. Ollie Taitelen and Mrs. Melba Skillman his two nieces, and F. J. Skillman, one brother. P. C. J. Cheney, living in Washington, Vt., was unable to be present, as was also his step-son, Judge C. W. Stanton. He was buried beside his Appleton cemetery.

Julia Marlowe Seriously Ill.

New York, April 16.—Miss Julia Marlowe is lying seriously ill at the Plaza hotel as the result of a nervous breakdown following a season of ten weeks of one-night stands. Her doctors have ordered the Shuberts to cancel all of her engagements for the next fortnight.

Miss Marlowe's physician, Dr. M. Allen Starr, and her attorney, Herbert L. Satterlee, have found it unwise to consult, for the time being, concerning the introduction of her name in a Boston divorce suit.

"I have been forced to act independently," said Mr. Satterlee yesterday, "but the public may rest assured that no more unwarranted or outrageous assault was ever made upon a good woman's reputation."

An Appeal to Wives.

Cure the Drinking Husband by Using Orin—Can be Given Secretly.

No more terrible affliction can come to any home than the craving for strong drink of husband and father. We appeal to wives, mothers and sisters to save the husband and father or the brother with Orin, a scientific cure for the drinking habit. Can be given secretly.

Orin is sold under an absolute guarantee that it will cure the habit and if it does not, the money will be refunded. Save the happiness and prosperity of the home with Orin. \$1 per box. Orin is sold by Rickert & Wells, Barre, Vt.

VETERANS.

A Poem Read Before the Methodist Conference in Barre This Afternoon.

The Rev. A. J. Hough, pastor of Trinity church in Montpelier, who is known as the poet laureate of the Vermont conference and who has held a similar position in the Odd Fellows organization, read before the conference in this city this afternoon the following original poem:

Veterans! That's a name of honor, Borne by men who wrought and taught That their fellows might be lifted To high places of life and thought. Not that age has lowered a pulsebeat, Dimmed one radiant ideal, Clouded one goal before them, Or toned down their ardent zeal; But the years of service rendered Gives them right to relaxation And the blessing of a pause, Looking backward, forward, standing On the heights serene and fair Won by life-long aspiration And the upward life of prayer, While the memories sweet and tender From the far-off years arise, Filling with unclouded splendor All their sweep of evening skies. How they sweetened noisome places, Succored souls when tempest-tost; How they lightened shadowed faces, Soothed the sorrowing, saved the lost! They are men who laid foundations, Gardens out of deserts made, Spoke the truth without evasions, Opened Heaven as they prayed. When the world's long list of honor Angel hands at last unroll, Then these ministers of Jesus Will stand highest on the scroll! Reading of the wondrous story Of the triumph of the cross, Tell us, veterans, has the glory Of the Gospel suffered loss? Has a something tender, gracious, Heavenly motion, warmth and glow, Vanished from the modern pulpit That you veterans used to know? Should we ever raise up preachers Weak in heart and head and knee, Who are not quite sure that Jesus Ever lived in Galilee? That He died for man's salvation, Rose again in glorious power To the right hand of the Father, And is there this very hour, That His word's the mightiest factor In this busy world's affairs, That He fills the Heaven of Heavens With the perfume of His prayers, So that one bold, blatant skeptic Puts a million souls to rout That are fed on "don't know" crackers And the skin-milk of a doubt, If that sorrow ever strikes us, Come back, veterans; once again In the pulpits of the conference Strike the old, majestic strain Heard before the reign of ritual, And the cotton-tweed choir, And restore our lost evangel, Of the Holy Ghost and fire! Certain is it soldiers never Will a glorious battle win Riding little hobby-horses, Drawing wooden swords for conflict— Nor a single wrong lay low Firing volleys of blank cartridge At the columns of the foe! Did you preach, beloved veterans, In those glorious days of old, On the "Worth of Visitation," "The Evolution of a Cold?" How the morning stars together Their impassioned chorals sang, Knowing man was coming later Out of the drang-ong! When your flocks on Sabbath mornings Waited for the living bread, Did you throw them chunks of Darwin, Or a book review instead? At the hour of evening service Did your people stand and quote Little nothing bits of verbiage Learned, as parrots learn, by rote? Could you cope the adoration Of a soul made clean and fair By the precious blood of Jesus, In a little sentence prayer? Or, did men and women, thrilling With the joy of newfound love, Speaking, shake the Amen corner, Praying, open Heaven above? When they sang, was it the ditty, "Jingle, jangle, jangle ding!" Or some grand, majestic measure Like the happy angels sing! Veterans, ere you leave us, swinging In bright chariots through the air, Give us back the old-time singing, Give us back the power of prayer. Give us, ere you go, the secret Of that preaching art of yours, Which sent home the gospel message, Saving sinners by the scores! If the church regains her prestige In the fight with sin 'tis plain She must huddle-call her veterans To the firing line again! For if o'er the pulpit stairways Which these mighty men have trod, Go some little pig-tongued talker To rebuke for God, Doubting inspiration's pages, Questioning man's fearful fall, And the very Rock of Ages, Isn't any rock at all, Then, the multitudes so weary, Hungering for the Gospel news, Offered only blank negations, Will be starved out from the pews. Talk of many churches drifting, Why, a flock of sheep will go Over fences to the neighbors When their feed is running low! O, beloved, you have spoken Words that to the people shewed Where the heavenly bread was broken, Where the living waters flowed, How a soul by sin defeated Could find mercy's open door, Hear the Master's words repeated, "Go thy way, and sin no more!" These men that went forth weeping Sowed the fields with precious grain For the harvest we are reaping— Shall we see their like again? From the world your names may perish.

The Best Spread For Bread

—muffins, biscuit, buckwheat cakes or waffles.

Karo
CORN SYRUP

The delicious extract of whole corn of unequalled quality and flavor.

Fine and Dandy for Griddle Cakes to Candy

In air-tight tins, 10c, 25c, 50c.

CORN PRODUCTS MFG. CO.



PROF. M. J. HILL OF DETROIT, Singing Evangelist at the Methodist Episcopal Conference.

For the world forgets its best, But your memories souls will cherish That you guided home to rest.

Some day—may that day come swiftly! This great church of ours will heed, And unanimously answer Every veteran's sign of need! How her spires rise up, unnumbered, To the sun, in every state, But she seems to have forgotten Those who made her strong and great! It may be our risen Master Will rare gifts of grace withhold Till the church to her old pastors Pays her debt of love in gold— Till their widows and their orphans Stand as mendicants no more, Heeded not, while wealth and plenty Walk through every church's door. Listen! for these words of chiding From the pen God wrote with fell; He, not for his house providing, Is worse than an infidel! And we read that when God's storehouse Holds the tithes that are its due He will open Heaven's windows And let boundless blessings through. When the church pays her long owing For divinet ministries, There will be a sound of going In those blessed mulberry trees! On the floor of general conference May the veterans' pleadings win, For the Lord, with all his loving, Hates a stingy church like sin.

Never cut the nail away too closely at the sides. If there is nothing left to prevent, the flesh will always grow too thick there and haggish form. File round, but not too close, and use scissors only when absolutely needed to cut off small particles adhering to the skin. White spots on the nails show where they have been bruised, and this comes usually from severe pressure at the base in using the stick to push back the flesh. If the nails are softened in warm olive oil the stick may be used much easier. Vaseline is also excellent for hardening the nails so they will not be brittle and bend or break too easily. Use the brush to remove dirt under the nails, never a sharp instrument.

Lots of it. "Initiative is the great thing that we all need and that most of us lack."

"Well, my husband has lots of it," replied Mrs. Gottawadde. "He's initiated in something nearly every night."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

That our American forests abound in plants which possess the most valuable medicinal virtues is abundantly attested by scores of the most eminent medical writers and teachers. Even the untutored Indians had discovered the usefulness of many native plants before the advent of the white race. This information, imparted freely to the whites, led the latter to continue investigations until to-day we have a rich assortment of most valuable American medicinal roots.

Dr. Pierce believes that our American forests abound in the most valuable medicinal roots for the cure of most obstinate and fatal diseases. If we could properly investigate them and in the knowledge of this connection, be able to produce the almost marvellous cures effected by his Golden Medical Discovery, which has proved itself to be the most efficient stomach tonic, liver invigorant, heart tonic and regulator, and blood purifier known in medical science. Dyspepsia, or indigestion, torpid liver, functional and even valvular and other affections of the heart yield to its curative action. The reason why it cures these and many other ailments is explained in a little book of extracts from the standard medical works, which is mailed free to any address at Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., to all sending request for the same.

Not less marvellous, in the unparalleled cures it is constantly making of woman's many peculiar affections, was disease and distressing derangements, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as is fully attested by thousands of the most glowing testimonials contributed by grateful patients who have been cured by it of catarrhal action, white, gray, and other periods, irregularities, prolapsus and other displacements caused by weakness, ulceration of uterus and vaginal infections, often after many other advertised medicines, and physicians had failed.

Both the above mentioned medicines are wholly made up from the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots. The processes employed in their manufacture were original with Dr. Pierce, and they are carried on by skilled chemists and pharmacists with the aid of apparatus and appliances specially designed and built for this purpose. Both medicines are entirely free from alcohol and all other harmful habit-forming drugs. A full list of their ingredients is printed on each bottle-wrapper.

WOMAN'S WORLD

Peroxide For the Hands.

Peroxide of hydrogen whitens the skin, but also dries out all the natural oils it used too freely. Any drugist will put up a solution the proper strength for the purpose, and it may be rubbed in and allowed to dry on after the cleansing. The latter is the most important. Where the hands are badly stained, rough and discolored, lemon juice, fresh lard, vaseline, olive oil, a toilet pumice, a good milblush, a cake of fine toilet soap, some oatmeal and lots of cold cream should always be kept ready.

The lard will soften the grime. Rub it in and let stay ten minutes. Then use warm water, soap and the brush. If the grime still remains, repeat. Rub and dry and examine the hands for stains. Use the half of a cut lemon, which will usually take these off. If not, a solution of oxalic acid kept in a small vial may be used, but should be washed off immediately, as it burns and roughens. Then fill the hands with white vaseline, rubbing it in well. Wash off with warm water, soap and the brush. Rub any callous place with the toilet pumice. Soak the nails ten minutes in a spoonful of warm olive oil, then in a little clean warm milk, and manure the nails while soft. Fill the hands with cold cream and wash again, using the almond meal. Rub in all the paste the skin will absorb and put on the gloves. You will find there is a decided improvement next morning.

All this need be done only once a week. Every night the hands should be thoroughly cleaned with alcohol.

STOP YOUR COUGH

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Loosens the Phlegm Alleviates the Irritation Arrests the Tickling Soothes and Heals

Pike's Toothache Drops Care in One Minute

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